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GIVEN BY

W. H. H. Newman.



*Minstrel's return from the War?*  
 Sung by  
**Mr. Plumer.**

New-York, Pub. by Firth & Hall, 4. Franklin Sq.

**ANIMATO.**

*cres.*

*f* *p* *f* *dolce.*

The Minstrel's return'd from the war, With spirits as bouyant as

air; And thus on his tuneful gui- tar, He sings in the bow'r of his fair, He

sings in the bow'r of his fair; The noise of the battle is o - - - ver, The bugle no more calls to



arms; A soldier no more, but a lo - - - ver, I kneel to the pow'r of thy

charms! Sweet la - - dy, dear la - dy! I'm thine, I bend to the ma-gic of

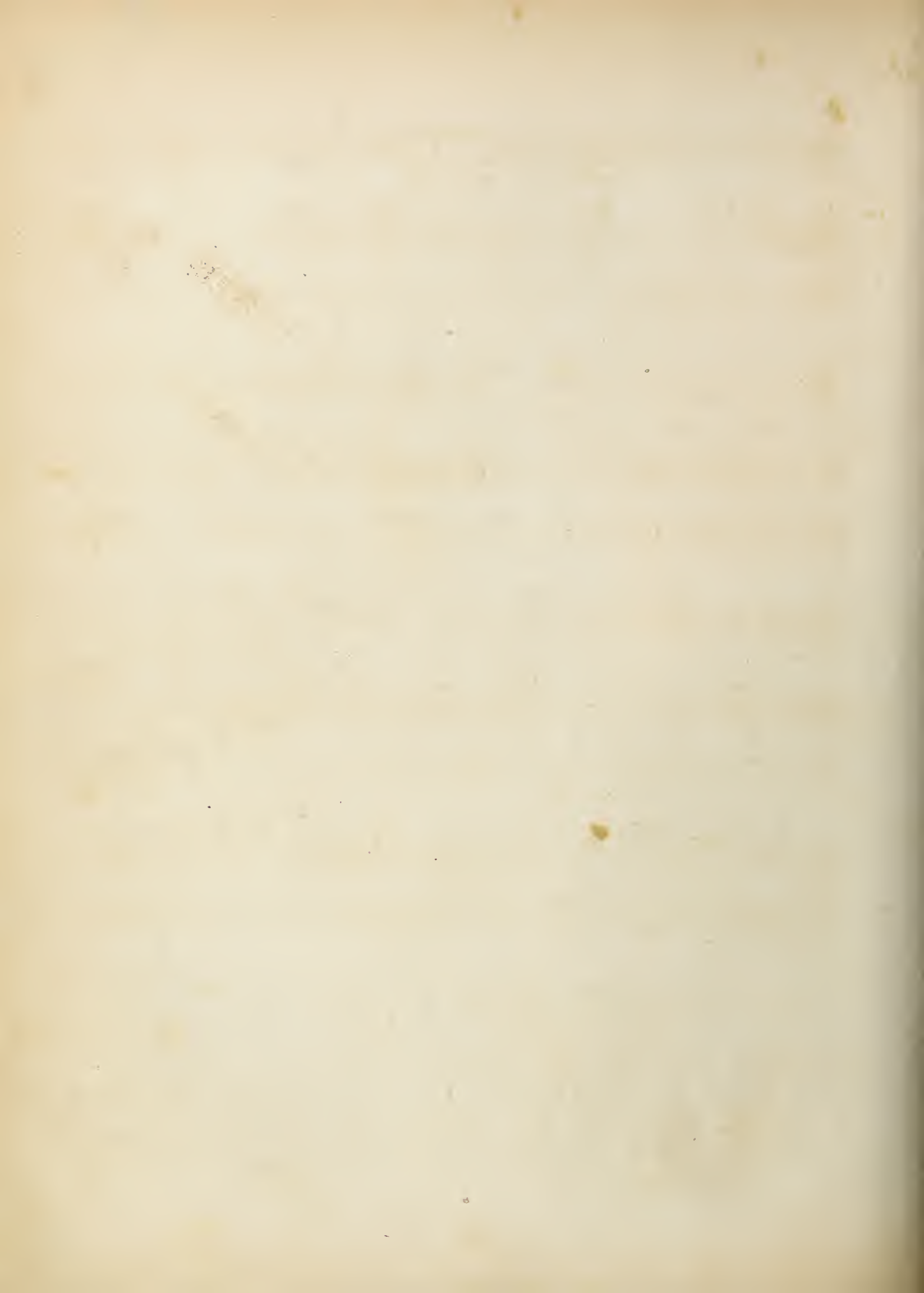
beauty Tho' the helmet and banner are mine, Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

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The Minstrel his suit warmly prest,  
 She blush'd, sigh'd and hung down her head;  
 'Till conquered she fell on his breast,  
 And thus to the happy youth said;  
 "The bugle shall part us, love, never,  
 My bosom thy pillow shall be;  
 'Till death tears thee from me forever  
 Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."  
 Sweet lady, dear lady! I'm thine,  
 I bend to the magic of beauty,  
 Tho' the helmet and banner are mine,  
 Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

But fame call'd the youth to the field,  
 His banner wav'd over his head;  
 He gave his guitar for a shield,  
 But soon he laid low with the dead:  
 While she o'er her young hero bending,  
 Receiv'd his expiring adieu;  
 "I die while my country defending,  
 With my heart to my lady love true"  
 "Oh! death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine,  
 I tear off the roses of beauty,  
 For the grave of my hero is mine,  
 He died true to love and to duty!"







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